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William A. Vogel
Denison University

Delmar Ubersax
Denison University

Ted Robinson
Denison University

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Domino



JANUARY, 1924

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Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1924

No. 7



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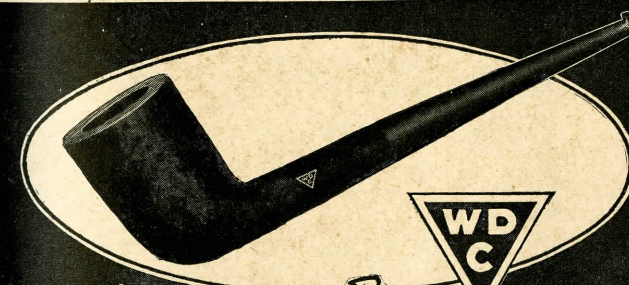
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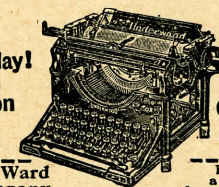
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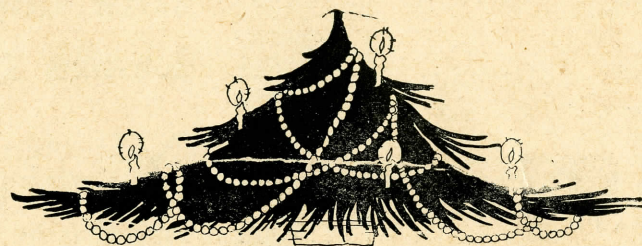
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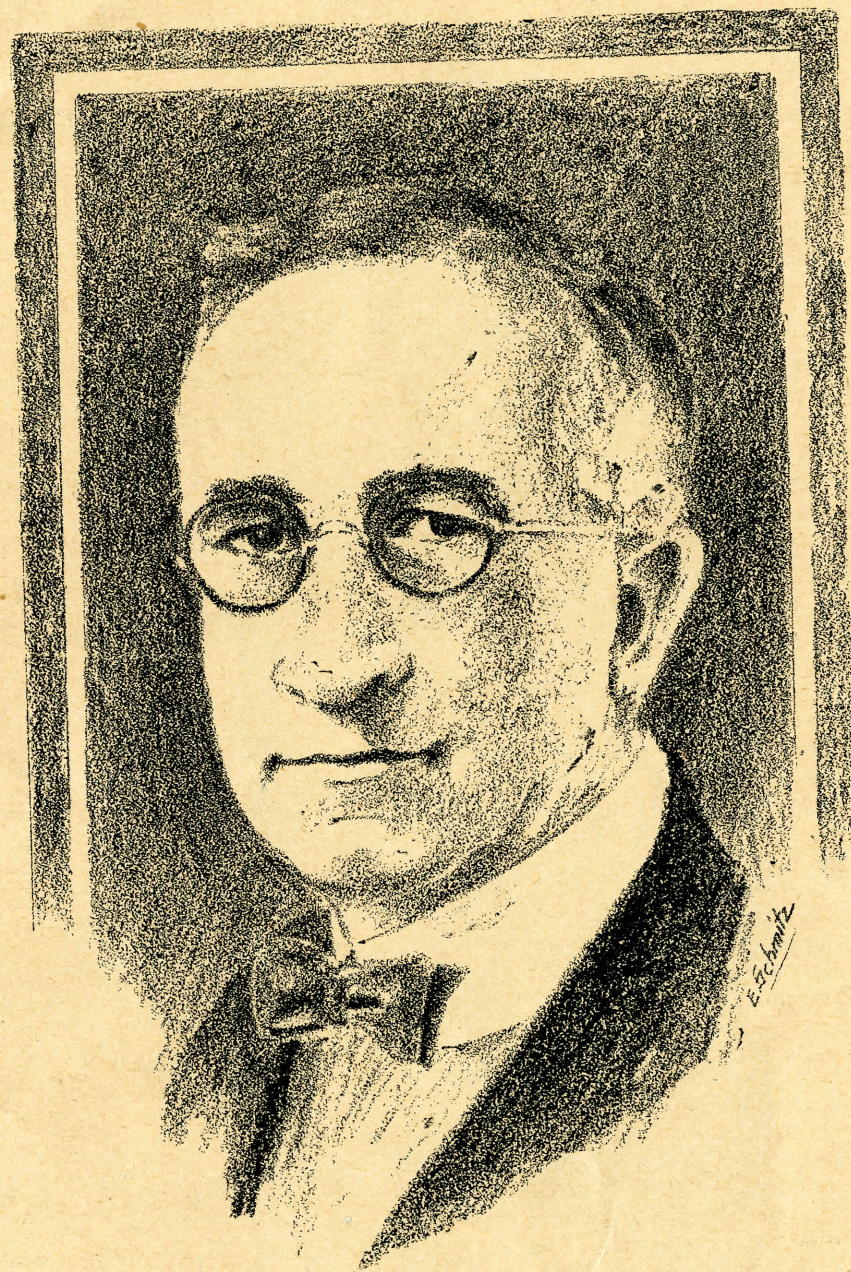
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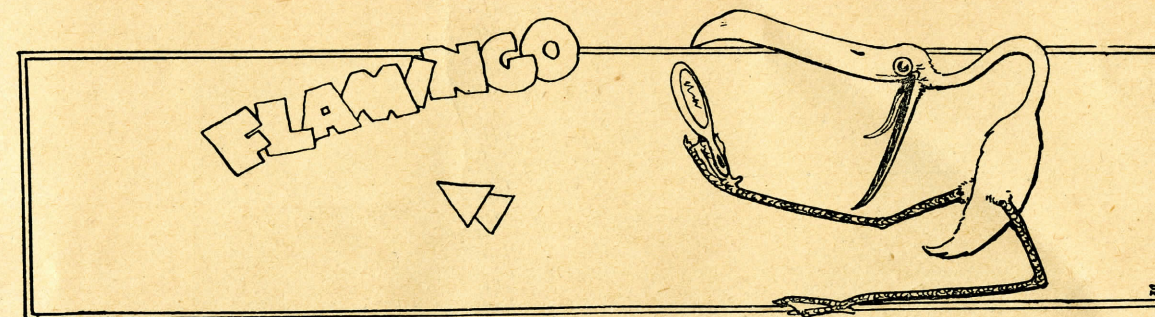
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The Denison Flamingo





GEORGE PLATT KNOX
Dean



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS EVE

It was Christmas Eve in Greenwich Village at the sign of the Pig and Whistle. It was crowded, and the air was blue with smoke and sharp with the smell of coffee. Yet the thicker the air the sharper cut and more hair-splitting the discussions, especially at the table by the far window where a group of five men were arranged four against one in animated argument. They were all hotly advocating the new Tchitz school of straight line impressionism and rallying rather earnestly their opponent, who still clung to the ancient doctrine that the curve is the line of beauty. The enemy was much older, perhaps thirty-three; he was known in the Village as the Rebel—perhaps because his name, Tell, was suggestive of the Swiss patriot; more probably because he was intolerant of any and all domination, even of intolerance itself.

A good-natured laugh from the vanquished followed him as he turned to thread his way between the tables, now and then stopping to answer long-distance greetings, or pay back a hilarious sally. In the shadows he almost passed by without noticing the slight figure waiting in the shelter of the area-way. But he heard his name spoken in a soft, low voice with a decided accent, and turned to see a lanky lad of fourteen years standing beside him, cap held respectfully under one arm, his shaggy thatch already gleaming with rain.

"Hello! That you, Whiz?"

"Yes, suh. May I walk with you, suh?"

"Sure thing. Were you waiting for me?" asked Tell abruptly, turning quickly to look at his companion.

Witchell Ames' freckled face sobered suddenly, and for the fraction of a second he hesitated before answering.

"I reckon not, suh—not exactly. I came to bring Mary Lee and I was sorta dawdling heah to make suah she got safely thru that crowd of rubbal-necks, suh."

"Oh, I see. - - - Whiz, you're a rare brother. Not one in a hundred would have thought to do that. Mary Lee must love you for it."

"Nonsense, suh. Any gentleman 'ud do the same. But I reckon Mary Lee and I do think a heap of each other."

As they talked they had been walking north toward Bleeker Street thru the heart of the Village. It clung close about the sidewalk here, old, two-story brick buildings in the Dutch town house style, with little, jutting, uncovered porches and curved iron railings. Tell spoke again.

"You ought to, you know, Whiz. She's the finest sister that ever was. I can say that without hesitation for I never had one myself." And on a sudden impulse, one of those rare impulses which he as rarely followed, he took the lad's thin arm in his.

"Yes, suh. But that's just the trouble, suh."

"Just what's the difficulty, Whiz?"

"Well, the question is, suh—would a gentleman be justified in making off with a bit of lady's personal property—something she wouldn't mind selling, you understand, but without her knowing it or telling him he could,—so she could,—well—p'raps enjoy Christmas a little more?"

A slight pause. Then Witchell, anxiously:

"It's—it's stealing isn't it, Mistah Tell?"

Several moments passed before the man answered. Not that he needed time to decide the question. It had decided itself while he listened to the carefully impersonal but to him obvious problem. He was merely wondering why Fate dealt some square players such a rotten hand.

"Yes, I guess it is, Whiz. Most people would call it that anyway. But in the case of a gentleman concerned for a lady's happiness I should prefer to call it 'unauthorized appropriation.'"

"Yes, suh, so should I. I'm so glad you think so, tho, because that's just what I've done."

Tell chuckled. "So!—the mischief's already committed, is it? And now I suppose you want me to harbor the stolen goods until the danger of discovery is passed,—eh, Whiz?"

Witchell laughed good-naturedly. "Not exactly, suh. But I suah would like your advice about disposing of 'em—unless you-all would be 'criminally implicating' yourself."

"Can't tell till I see the goods, Whiz. Come up and let's have a look at them."

"Thank you, suh."

But as Tell followed his guest into the light he forgot entirely the present errand in thinking of the boy himself.

Tell could well believe the odd history of his life that by now was well known in certain picked circles. He had been living in the Village now for six years, but he

(Continued on page 11)



*We pray that Time will ever greet thee
As Denison the kind and strong,
Fame—honor—and success e'er meet thee,
And history thy praise prolong.*

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 9)

was a Southerner, the only son of an old Virginia family by his father's second marriage. His mother had died at his birth leaving only his half-sister, Mary Lee, then a girl of twenty, to care for him, for Mr. Ames was too buried in his grief to think even of his son. Mary Lee's own girlhood had been motherless and lonely, the carefully regular routine of governesses and tutors that a wealthy, abstracted father is likely to provide for his only child in such circumstances. Contrary to tradition, therefore, she had been wild with delight at the prospect of acquiring a step-mother. For this one was a woman much older than she, who had lived near her and been her soundest counselor and comforter for many years. What her feelings must have been then, after two short years, to know herself again motherless, Tell could only imagine. In the whole household she seemed the only one who cared especially whether Witchell lived or died. For the old housekeeper and her staff had always covertly disapproved of Mr. Ames' second marriage. Perhaps this acted as an unusual stimulant to her natural affection and craving for companionship. At any rate she appointed herself Witchell's jealous guardian. And when, as a result of his own protracted neglect and utter indifference to living, Mr. Ames' financial affairs collapsed, Mary stayed on in the old home, now fast falling into dilapidation, her father's chief comfort and the real head of the house.

Her early girlhood had been too carefully secluded to admit of many friendships with young people of her own age. And in the brief two years between her step-mother's advent and death Mary Lee had been too happy revelling in the new life of her father's home to think about one of her own. And since Witchell's birth she had devoted herself heart and soul to caring for him and her father until there had been no time to think of marrying.

Even at that there had been opportunities,—plenty of them, sons of Virginia's oldest and most distinguished families, with a few rivals from further north (with credentials ready at hand) who had wanted her to marry them. Some of them had persisted long, and ardently but in the end none

of them had had quite the courage to accept her terms,—to let her stay on caring for her father until his death, and permit her thereafter to keep Witchell with her. Perhaps from her suitors' standpoint she had been a little heartless about it—the very young are likely to be. But Mary Lee was not without heart herself,—a sensitive, loving heart eager for realized dreams. But it was coupled with a ruthless sense of duty and a determination to spend herself in the service of others that was absolutely immovable. She alone knew what suffering the unhappy combination had cost her,—for the victory over self once achieved didn't stay won. No, it was like a prisoner, only waiting for some unguarded moment to mutiny and force her to cut old wounds afresh in her effort to down it.

Perhaps after all, when her father died in Witchell's eighth year, she hadn't been entirely sorry to leave the old home in Virginia. Yet from the standpoint of her own happiness, New York had been simply a move to another prison. It meant that from that time on she must put definitely behind her all hopes for herself, or for any other love than Witchell's. This he certainly lavished upon her, and in it she grew radiant, too absorbed in the business of making money for both of them and educating him properly to realize her decision as in any way a resignation. And before long the business of being an artist,—painting water-colors, miniatures, gift cards, anything that offered,—began to fascinate her and absorb whatever energy and interest was left from her devotion to Witchell and whatever other needy ones the Village had to offer. These of course were legion.

Tell himself could never decide how he had learned all this. He never pried. Indeed he had a reputation for being impenetrable and indifferent to society, tho he moved in it a lot. Everyone who brought his troubles to the artist did so under impression that he was the only one who knew the real Tell, under the satirical and bantering smile. And Tell let them think so,—not from a desire to deceive, but from sheer necessity. It was not only his business to study people, as an artist,—but it was the passion of his life, outside the studio even more than in. So it had been with

Ames, quietly reticent as they were. And they never knew that he did really know.

Of course he could see well enough what Whiz wanted now,—the shy, proud kid! The market for small artists' work slumped regularly every Christmas. Gift cards were a help as pot-boilers but they were not enough: And Mary Lee was too proud to ask help or even favors from her fellow-artists, well as she knew them and well as they liked her.

With a start, Tell realized that Witchell was speaking to him—and came out of his reverie to find himself in his own big, cluttered studio, and to see the boy opening up a shabby little portfolio that he had been carrying under his coat, and lifting from it carefully, one by one, water-colors, etchings, even a few miniatures which he spread out on the table.

"Heah they are, Mr. Tell, suh. 'Scuse mah hurrying so. Mary Lee's likely to come home any minute now."

"So soon?"

"Yes, suh. She's only going to stay at the ball till ten-thirty—for the benefit-booth, you know. Correy'll bring her home. We—we always go to the service at St. Andrew's together, suh, on Christmas eve."

"I see. And you're afraid she'll come over to find you if you're not home?"

"I'm suah she will, suh. So if you wouldn't mind looking at these sketches and giving me a bit of advice about disposing of them—"

But he never finished the sentence, for Tell suddenly exclaimed with surprise and seizing a small etching from the miscellaneous array before him demanded:

"Did Mary Lee do that?"

Witchell nodded soberly. It was a little thing, not more than six by eight inches, done with crude tools and finished on rough paper, showing only the head of a white-haired man. But among a dozen or so delicate, mediocre water-sketches and purely conventional miniatures it stood out in bold contrast, unfinished, only a promise,—but imbued with life.

"First hand, eh?—I mean, from real life?—I knew it." And turning away he muttered half to himself "Why in thunder doesn't she do some more like it and drop these pot-boilers?"

(Continued on page 19)



Awgawan!

Youa sweet, youa dea,
Youa virtues ah extensive.
But, dawlin, listen hea,
Youa really too expensive.

F. R.

— DU —

SONG

There is a lonesome river in my heart,
Flowing along midst sunlit fields and fair.

I know not whence it comes nor where it goes,
And yet I feel it ever rolling there,
Though flowers of friendship bloom along its banks,
And birds make joyous music in the air.

There is a lonesome river in my heart,
Flowing along midst sunlit fields and fair.

—V. F.

— DU —

When?

Song of the Gipsy Sweetheart

When you can bring the sunset glow
For my wedding-dress of gold,
And the spangled velvet evening sky
For a cloak about me fold,
When you can tear the Milky Way
Down from its place near Mars,
And bring it for my bridal veil,
Caught here and there with stars,
When you can make the sparkle Of the sun upon the sea
Into a pendant, heavy
On a moonbeam thread, for me,
When you can let the light of dawn
Shine in your eyes,—and true,
Then, most Ardent One,
Why then—perhaps I'll marry you!

F. R.

Drifting

The river—winding its way
To the sea.
Any you—like it—drifting
Away from me.
The river—going on and on,
No power can stop it.
Like you—taking my heart
away—
But oh, do not drop it,
For it would break—too true,
And ever after be a pain,
With such an ache—for you.

F. R.

— DU — DOGGIES' LAMENT

(With all due regard for the author of the famous lyric from "Maud.")
Dogs on the high hill campus
When darkness was paling,
"Phi, Phi, Phi, Phi"
They were howling and wailing.

Where was Phi? 'Neath the moss,
With cool green boughs above him,
Dreaming of merry hunts
With four-legged chums that love him.

Dogs in the wood are yelping,
Baffled, running and veering;
"It can't be they're playing with-
out you!
You who did half the cheering."

I know the way he went,
Home up the hillside racing;
There's a fresh sharp trail thru
the brush
That no one's steps are effacing.

Dogs on the high hill campus
Are hunting and scouting his track.

"Where are you, Phi, you old scoundrel?"

Be a good sport and come back."

V.

— DU — LOVE CHANT

My Love is a lamp-shade
A purple-spotted lamp-shade
With fringe around its neck,
A golden fringe with beaded drops
One on either side. Her ears
(I suppose she has 'em)
Are like the handles of two
Tiny : Chinese : cups
Round, and curved, and smooth.
And that to which they are at-
tached
(Her head, I mean)
Is just as empty and as soiled
within
As one of those same
Tiny : Chinese : cups
When the shirt-washer who owns it
Has drained it to the dregs.

O. L.

SEERS

Dreams crumble to dust and de-
cay
Intangible, falling away;
These have not time,
Rhythm not rime,
Brilliant hues mingled with gray.
Dreams may be prophets and
seers,
Parents of laughter and tears,
One single song
Carried along—
Chords in the sum of man's years.

V. J.

— DU —

LAST OF ALL

November's a nun
In sombre gray,
With cloak flowing
Dragged and blowing,
When night's begun,
When shadows sway.

December's a priest
With cowed head,
With drappings drear,
Sodden and queer,
Tattered and pieced,
Shriving the dead.

V. J.

— DU —

"Let well enough alone."
I've heard men speak that way
About work to be done;
But that I would not say,
For though I never rest
Until I do "my stuff",
The way to do things best
Is never "well enough."

Cal.

— DU —

A Reasonable Doubt

The pessimists have it that their creed
Is based on Life—whose master is foul Death;
For as Life grows it decays—like a stricken tree.
New shoots and leaves of "know-
ledge" and "experience"
Are but the symbols of departing Youth—
The only part of Life that's worth the living;
Until at last Life has become a drab trunk
With sapless core and barren, naked limbs
Waiting Death, the torch, to light it to oblivion.

To me: if only Life ran backward
Like the hands of a clownish clock
And Death deprived us of our Youth—
The only part of Life that's worth the living;
Their philosophy would have more reason.

Aussi.

WHICH GOT WHAT

At last my opportunity has come and I get a chance to do a little talking on my own hook this here issue. Many times as I read this paper I longed to relate some of my personal stories. When the ed. said yes to my in-
quest, I speak up an' sez reckon I'll have to rite about Xmas an' his affirmative jars me dizzy for all I can remember about Xmas is the tale of Willie Brown who was burned in the west by a canon cracker last year, but no thinks I, that wont do and I thinks about these goodsless costumes I saw last halloween but they didn't fit either. After getting my head in a whirl by several minutes hard thinking a bright idea glows in my unfurnished upper, to let, and I decides to tell you about Jim Howe.

Now you know, you don't well I'm telling you aint I, he was one of these city slickers what come out to board at our house during punkin husking time to get local off the white-washed fences and incensed when they pet a pole kitty my mistake. Well he thought that all the girls wouldst be crazy about him, of course you understand as how he had a steady in

the city, so after he took her around a bit, meaning the innocent village bell, he decides to send all of his two admireses Xmas presents.

So he gets a cut glass sparkler for the co-edna and a swell pair of big red ear anchors for the R. F.D. As he was rapping the parcels the farmer yells at him to come help the pigs have got out again and when he came back from the bacon battling he rites the names on them that is of course on the parcels no I didn't say marcells and sends them into town by the hired man. You see the point well I can't help it I'm a clear riter aint I an don't need tell you that he got the names mixed.

Pretty soon comes two letters for him and the college sweetie says coolly that she loves another 10derly before he was a \$1,000,000.00air and naturally you want to know what did the R.F.D. girl do. No she didn't say yes to his ring but sent it back to him and married the rube she had been engaged to all the time. The moral for a weak-minded sheik is drop all of them but one before Xmas and drop her too.

R. P.

Tough Luck

There was a young fellow named Pat,
Who stopped near his mule for a chat;
When he woke up in bed
The next day he said
"I sure got a kick out of that!"

— DU —

Dick—"Bill and I were out on the lake yesterday with a brand new box of cigars. We wanted to smoke, but we didn't have a match. What do you think we did?"

Smith—"You waited till you got home."

Dick—"Not on your life. We opened the box, took out a cigar, and that made the box a cigar lighter."

— DU —

Boss—"You're fired."

Clerk—"Why?"

Boss—"When I hired you, you told me you were a college graduate."

Clerk—"And what makes you think I am not?"

Boss—"I just overheard you tell Brown, here, that I knew more about this business than you did."

WISH

I wish I was a cannibal,
A wooly little cannibal,
A dirty little cannibal with not a thing to do,
A-living in the ocean,
In the great big rolling ocean,
On an island in the ocean,
Beneath a sky of blue.

On grapefruit and bananas,
Great lucious ripe bananas,
I'd dine each day, and make my bed beneath the tropic moon.
And with the breezes sighing,
The soft warm breezes sighing,
Those South Sea breezes sighing,
I'd slumber very soon.

There'd be no boresome fashions,
No most annoying fashions,
To worry me except perhaps in winter and in fall,
For in the sleepy summer,
The gentle drowsy summer,
The sweet, caressing summer,
I'd wear no clothes at all.

And as for doing lessons,
Old hard perplexing lessons,
No missionary'd wheedle me no matter how they teased.
I'd just be dumb and lazy,
Oh, so content and lazy,
As doggoned fat and lazy
And stupid as I pleased!

V. F.

— DU —

It was his first trip across. He leaned towards her, under the white moon, while they stood at the stern gazing at the rippling wake.

"Darling," he whispered, "won't you marry me?"

"This makes the seventh time, Harold, and I'm telling you positively, 'No.' You'd better give up."

Then the boat gave another lurch, and he did.

— DU —



She—"Poor girl! She's so awfully delicate."

Her—"Yes, but she threw down the heaviest man on the team."

"Why are all the misers one reads about, old bachelors?"
"Because married misers are so common they aren't worth mentioning."

— DU —

"I've got a cold in my head."
"Never mind even if it's a cold, it's something."



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H. Lindley Vickers, '25
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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

MISTLETOE—AND THE BABE IN THE MANGER

Christmas is a funny affair. What a mess we make of it! Tinsel and prayers, gifts and carols, a benevolent clown, Santa Claus, and the Wise Men, jingles and the wonderful poetry of the Bible, mistletoe—and the Babe in the Manger. Oh yes, the Babe in the Manger. We almost forgot him. He was so small, lying there on the straw, and just about covered up under the pile of tissue paper and colored string. But he doesn't mind—he's used to

being forgotten, by now. Put him back behind the tree, and let's light the candles. There, now! Pretty, aren't they? Wonder who first thought up the idea of putting candles on a Christmas tree, and in the windows? Awfully clever, don't you know. They mean something or other; supposed to represent a star some shepherds saw about—oh, a long time ago, maybe two thousand years, almost. The night the Little Baby was born, out in a barn somewhere. Those foreigners have such low standards of living.

The tree's a whiz, don't you think? Lots of presents on it. From Fred, and John, and Mary, and Dad and Mother, and the Smiths; you know, folks that care for us. The Baby had something to do with that, too. When he grew up he said that we ought to care for more folks than we do; not just for our own family, and the Smiths, and maybe the Joneses, but for those snobbish Steinbocks down the street, and the messy Morinis across the alley, and the Chinese and Hindus and all those queer people a long way off. Fancy that! Oh, yes, grandfather came over in the steerage, but—well, we're different, now.

It made everybody mad when he said that, too. So they killed him—crucified him on a big wooden cross. The tree—it might be, now, that's what the Christmas tree is for; it's to represent the cross they killed him on. You'd never think it, would

you; all sparkly with mica snow, and fixed up with candy and stuff, and tinsel all over it.

Strange, isn't it, how that little Babe behind the tree has something to do with everything about Christmas; the candles, and presents, and tree, but—it's his birthday, you see. And he was like that all the time. They couldn't neglect him, and when they couldn't make him shut up about their ruining their health, and stealing, and forgetting God, and not being sincere, and lying, why, they killed him. People so hate to tell the truth. It didn't do much good, though. Ever since then, folks that haven't done what he said to do have been despised by everybody, and nations that forget him disappear. Maybe what he said was true.

But as long as it's His birthday, let's bring Him out from behind the tree.

The Denisonian is to be congratulated; no longer is it an amateur paper; more and more it is exhibiting the highest types of professional inaccuracies. But—who started the rumor that it is published on Monday?

There should be a village ordinance passed requiring college men to wear mufflers with these new-style loud coats.

"If I believe what you say, I must admit that I misjudged him—in some ways," he said silently. It must be so, because we read it in the Dispatch, but—try to say it that way yourself.

Women are all alike. Then why bigamy?

Sign on Broadway—"Venida, the Guaranteed Hairnet." The guarantee is, of course, invalid if net is worn on a scheming date.

Papyrus will be long remembered as the one prominent Englishman who did not lecture when he visited this country.

After all, you have to give radio credit. No longer do little boys' ears stick out so.

The boys stand around in the old Chapter House, On a wintry Christmas Eve; And gladly they sing as their paddles they swing, "Tis more blessed to give than receive!"

Ma: "I just sent Johnny upstairs. He has been swearing like a trooper."

Pa: "Swearing again, eh?" Pa ran upstairs to punish his heir. Having fulfilled his task, he shouted from the top of the stairs:

"I'll teach that boy of mine to swear!"

Suddenly tripping on the carpet at the top landing, he tripped and fell the length of the staircase.

Ma: "Well, I think that will be enough for the first lesson!"

How Much for My Elephant?

Old Santa is a bally guy, That sets the whole town tipsy, 'Til everybody, old and young, Gets reckless as a gypsy.

We spend and spend, and 'most believe The whole world is our brother; "Must let her know we love her still," That fourteenth cousin's mother.

There's just one way our sober selves Still bear a strong resemblance, However much we vow to keep Old Yuletide in remembrance;

And then we're sure we're all akin, Despite conventional shifts, When we meet at the counter to exchange Each other's Christmas gifts!

"No one understands me." "Nowonder—your mother was a telephone operator and your father a train announcer."

Father—"That young man of yours is impossible. He doesn't like Shaw; he doesn't like Ibsen; he doesn't like Galsworthy. Whom does he like?"

Daughter, demurely—"Me."

"Understand that Helen had an accident in her car."

"It didn't amount to much." "Neither she nor the car hurt?" "Only a little paint knocked off."

Officer—"I see you're still here."

Mountaineer—"Honest to goodness, that ain't no still!"

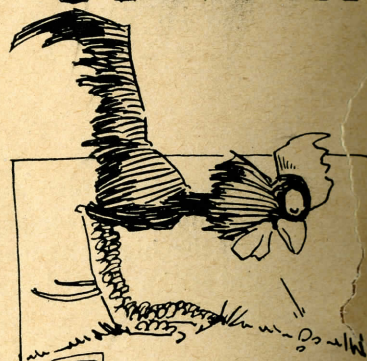


OUR WALKING DATE PRIMER

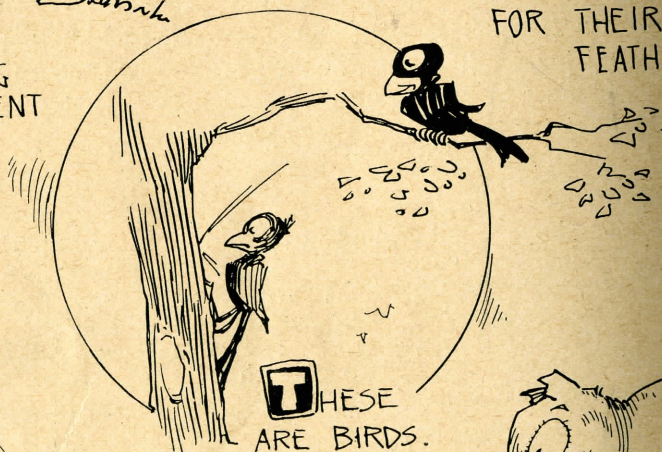
FOR STUDENTS ENROLLED IN THE
FIRST YEAR OF
DENISON'S GREAT
OUTDOOR SPORT.



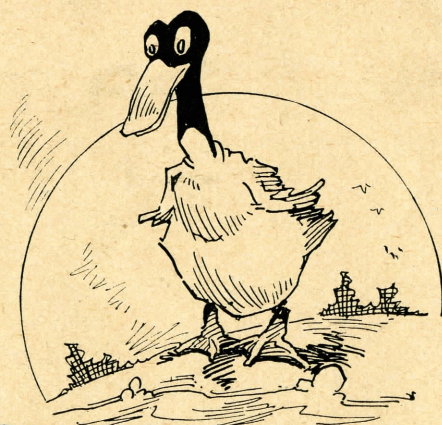
THIS IS A COW. COWS GIVE MILK - BUTTER AND BUTTERMILK. THEY ARE PEACEFUL AND WILL USUALLY STAND PATTING ON THE HEAD FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE DEAR CO-EDS



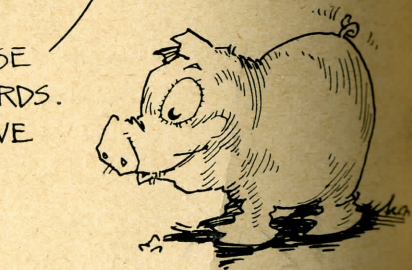
THIS IS A ROOSTER. ROOSTERS DO NOT LAY EGGS BUT ARE VALUABLE FOR THEIR FEATHERS.



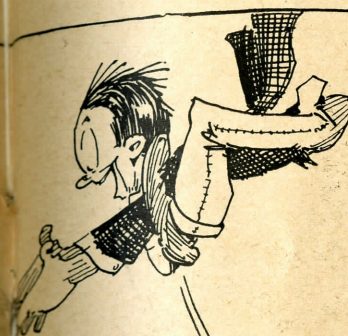
THESE ARE BIRDS. BIRDS LIVE IN NESTS AND ON BIRDSEED



HERE IS A DUCK. DUCKS SWIM - QUACK - AND STRUT THEIR STUFF

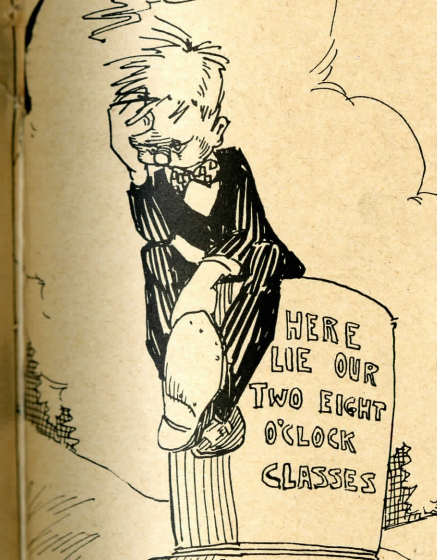


AND HERE IS A PIG. PIGS ROOT - GRUNT - WIGGLE THEIR TAILS THEY OFTEN HAVE DIRTY FEET SO DON'T TRY TO PICK 'EM UP.

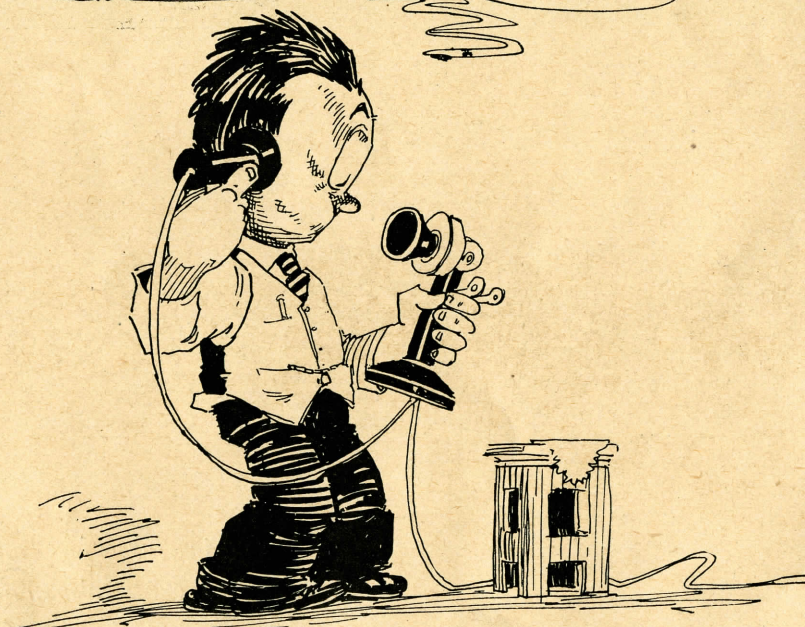


GOSH!

AND I WAS
LATE TO
BOTH OF
'EM!

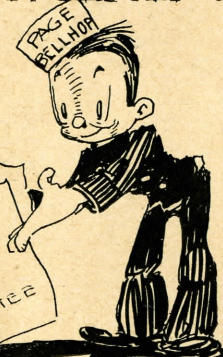


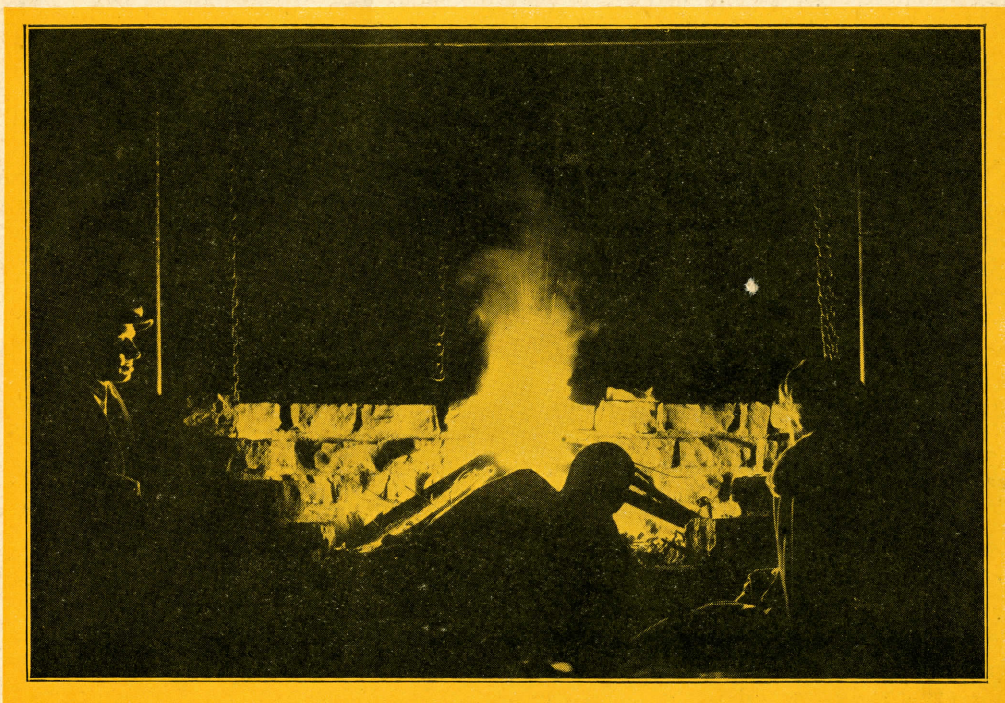
H'LO! THIS YOU DORA? YEH! WELL I FINGER WE'D BETTER CALL OFF ALL OUR DATES, BEGINNING NOW - YEH! - SURE! BECAUSE! - YEH! PERHAPS WE CAN AGREE AFTER NEW YEARS AGAIN - YEH!



PRE-XMAS SPORT. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE
BEAUTY CONTEST FOR
A MEN ONLY - WE HAD ONE
TWO YEARS AGO BUT
TRUST THAT THE ONLY
THREE ENTRIES IN THAT
CONTEST STILL IN SCHOOL
HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT
IT STEP UP WITH YOUR
PORTRAIT - BUT
DON'T CROWD.
THE COMMITTEE





We sing the joys of college days,

Denison, our Denison,

Of pleasure's paths and wisdom's ways,

Denison, our Denison.

We think of summer evenings fair,

Denison, our Denison,

Of sparkling eyes and waving hair,

Denison, our Denison.

And tho' the years their changes bring,

Denison, our Denison,

'Round thee our brightest mem'ries cling,

Denison, our Denison.

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 11)

"My father, suh" said Witchell quietly, half guessing Tell's train of thought.

"Oh."

"I—I only wanted you to see it, suh, because I wanted your opinion of it. Of course it's not for sale. Mary Lee'd be very angry if she knew. She wouldn't care about my swiping the others. But I'll have to smuggle this home someway so she won't suspect."

Tell, still studying the etching with a quizzical expression, had not once raised his eyes from the table. There was a brief pause, awkward for the boy. Then Witchell asked timidly:

"Do you like it, suh?"

"No, Whiz," answered the artist slowly, "I don't like it. I marvel at it, as I always do at the work of a real artist. I was beginning to think that nobody knew how to make etchings any more. I'm glad Mary Lee has disillusioned me."

Witchell stood dumb with delight.

"Is she busy with etchings now, Whiz?"

"Not right now, suh."

"Well, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'. I wish she'd try a few poses of little Petrucci, the lame kid, you know—always playing the fiddle—lives over by the Parakeet I think. Would you mind mentioning it to her, in case I forget to ask her right away? The midwinter number goes to press in a few weeks."

"Not at all, suh. Mary Lee'll be glad to do it I'm suah."

"Thank you, Whiz."

A buzzer sounded in the entrance hall.

"Woops! Somebody's coming. Here," grabbing up the etching, "smuggle this into your inside pocket. And say, if you'll let me, I'll take these for Du Bois. He's given me a standing order to buy up hot shot any real miniatures and tints I can find, at ten or under. He'll be tickled with these. Or maybe Mary Lee won't sell so low?"

With a deft move he had whisked together the very worst in the collection, from an artist's standpoint, leaving just enough to make Whiz's disposal of the rest of them practically plausible. And then he waited, pen poised above an open check book. His checks were good anywhere in the

Village. (The story ran that Tell had some Scotch blood. At any rate he knew how to keep the muse on speaking terms with the mint without losing the respect or affection of either.)

"Oh, yes! At eight, suh," said Whiz honestly.

"That'll be fifty—"

"Forty-eight, suh," corrected Whiz instantly.

"Pardon! Forty-eight, then."

"Thank you suh."

"Thank you, Whiz.—I always like to finish things up in a rush. Hate anything hanging over Christmas, you know."

A light step in the hall almost before Tell had time to pocket the tell-tale check book or Witchell to hide the check and slide his portfolio adroitly under the nearest sofa. The knocker fell once. Then Tell swung the door wide.

"Good evening, Miss Ames. Welcome to our attic! Come to deprive the old crank of his only solace again, I suppose?"

Mary Lee Ames laughed merrily before answering—the same startling sort of laugh as Witchell's—and walked into the room.

"No, I'm just broadcasting to learn his whereabouts. Thought you'd like to listen in."

She was a slender woman, simply and genteely dressed, but in clothes too well worn and of too fine a quality to have been recently purchased. She was too thin for her height, the thinness that comes from overworking, undersleeping, too much worry, and barely enough to eat. She impressed you as a woman who was never intended to look her age; but in the bright light of the studio her pallor and the lines under her eyes were too apparent. You placed her correctly as thirty-four or five. But the damp hair that curled under her hat was as brown and shiny as a girl's, and her eyes as deep and lovely as Witchell's. Only Mary Lee's were brown.

"I see now, Maestro Tell, why you weren't tuned in,—you kidnapping pretender. —Come along, scamp. We're late for service already."

As Witchell passed Tell to pick up his cap from the sofa he murmured:

"The gray one at Wraithwaite's."

Tell grinned back slyly. They had had long, earnest discussions over what Whiz should give Mary Lee for Christmas, and when together they had finally hit upon a

new set of etching tools, neither of them could agree upon the style. Tell had favored a small set in a case of delicate, gray, tooled leather that he had come upon in Wraithwaite's. But Whiz, who liked the unusual, sounded the praises of another set he had seen, gorgeously hid in a tiny pirate's chest. Even Tell's protest that the tools themselves were too heavy to be convenient could not dissuade the boy. And when, a few weeks later, Tell had ventured to refer to it again, Witchell's uneasy evasions and feigned lack of interest had made Tell suspect that he had given up the idea for lack of the necessary money. So the artist had tactfully avoided the subject since.

At the door Mary Lee stopped.

"I might repent and let him come again,—day after tomorrow, if you promise not to let him read any more Corelli, or eat to many Weinachtskuchen."

"Peace at any price, milady, is my rule with Whiz."

"Then you're freely forgiven. Merry Christmas, Mr. Tell."

* * *

At twenty minutes past eleven Tell was standing in front of Roget's art shop on thirty-fourth street. The window was dark except for one corner where, under an invisible light, stood a brilliantly illuminated picture. It was a large oil painting, representing a wealthy little girl stopping with her governess, presumably in some city park, to give a treasured white fur teddy bear to a ragged, long-haired gamin of the tenements. It was entitled "Charity" and in the opinion of its present skeptical critic, at least, required a lot of that particular virtue on the part of the observer to accept it as a real work of art.

For one thing there were too many figures in the foreground, and they were all too thin and stiff to be convincing. Then the background was overloaded with details and the colors were conventionally dull yet at the same time strangely discordant. In short, the whole picture was flat and somehow piously commonplace in its treatment.

But that it did have interest for the passing crowds its place of prominence in the window at this season certainly testified. That interest, however, centered chiefly in the finely lettered placard that stood just below it:

(Continued on page 22)

"THE GLOVER ROAD"

or

"The Trail to Happiness and a Bushy Head"

The Characters

Domino, A valet
 Lord Len, Bald at twenty-six
 Nick, Getting bald at twenty-five
 "The Boys", Inebriated the night before and just recovering

Scene—Lord Len's Bachelor quarters

Act One. (and only)

Domino—Me Lord, the bawth is prepared.

Lord Len—Go to hell Domino.
 D.—Yes me Lord. Anything else me Lord?

L.L.—Bring me some breakfast.
 D.—Has me Lord any preferences?

L.L.—Sandwiches, Domino. Sandwiches.

D.—Does me Lord wish to feed the young gentlemen, still sleeping in the billiard room?

L.L.—Yes Domino, give all the boys sandwiches.

D.—What kind of sandwiches me Lord?

L.L.—Preferably ham, Domino. Yes, give each and every one of the boys ham sandwiches. Make no exceptions.

D.—Yes me Lord. (Leaves room.)

L.L.—(Raising his voice to call Nick from the adjoining billiard

room whence signs of motion are waiteing in the forms of groans from the recumbent late-inebriates.)—Hey fella! What say Nick? Get up!

Nick—(Trying to put on air of enjoyment. Sings)

She's my Annie, I'm her Nick
 When I kiss her, I get an awful kick,

Some day we'll marry never to part
 Pretty Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

L.L.—I'm taking my bawth, get up! (Climbs out of bed and enters room to right which from sounds thereupon ensuing proves to be the bathroom.)

(Nick enters and views himself in the mirror.)

Nick—Good Lord! I've lost another hair Leonard. What in the devil shall I do? (Wrings hands in agony at the depletion of his few, gradually departing, beloved locks.)

L.L.—I have an idea, Nick! I have just wonderful ideas while taking my monthly bawth. Let's visit the barber's. They say they are awfully clever in their tonsorial efforts.

N.—(Speaking sarcastically.) Barbers, huh. How can I go to the barber's after you cleaned me

out last night. I'll let Domino take a look at my head when he comes in.

(Domino enters with tray of sandwiches.)

D.—Here are the sandwiches me Lord.

L.L.—What kind of sandwiches Domino?

D.—Ham sandwiches me Lord.

L.L.—Well Domino give every one of the boys ham-sandwiches. Make absolutely no exception, treat them all the same.

D.—Yes me Lord. (Starts to move off. Sees Nick and stops.) Good morning Mr. Nick.

N.—Morning Domino.

D.—Did you sleep well last night Mr. Nick?

N.—Well I didn't sleep bad.

D.—Were you warm Mr. Nick?

N.—Well I wasn't cold.

D.—Does your head feel bad Mr. Nick?

N.—Well it don't feel good.

D.—You aren't very cheerful this morning, Mr. Nick.

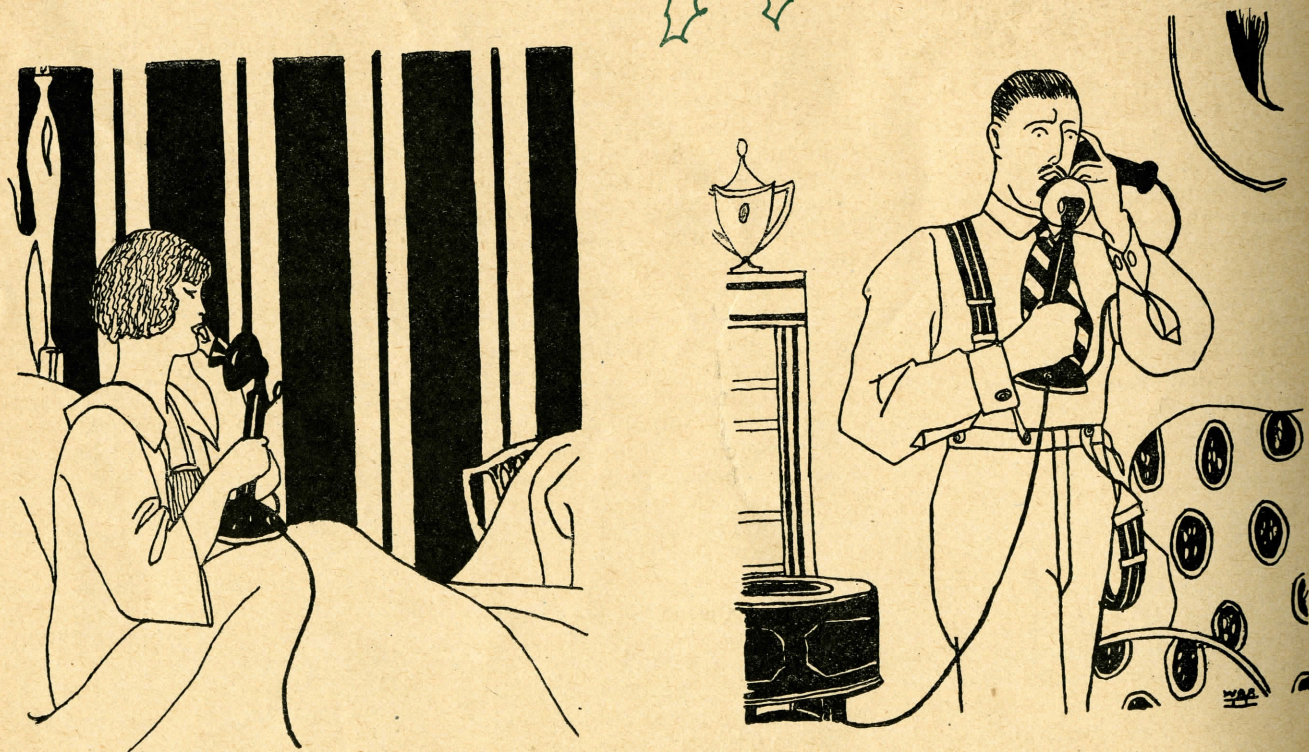
N.—Well I'm not glad. I was tho until I looked in the mirror.

I've lost another hair Domino. (Bewailing the fact.)

D.—Lost another hair, Mr. Nick?

N.—Well, I haven't found one.

D.—I was reading the paper this morning and in an ad I saw



Line's Busy



She—"Oh, my sucker's broke!"

He—"Sh-sh! You don't need to tell everybody about it, even if I am."

something about a preparation that might help you, so I bought some. (Puts down tray and goes to cabinet and takes down a bottle. Recites with gestures.) "The Glover Road is the trail to happiness and a bushy head. Dandruff dances daintily off your hitherto hardly hairy dome, and new nice, nifty, silky, soft, satiny hair immediately is ingrown, in place of the thin thatch formerly found covering the bald baren pate . . ."

N.—Cease Domino. Ed. Pinaud has always served me with his best hair tonic. I can not desert him.

D.—But Mr. Nick, it says on the bottle, "Dandruff dances daintily . . ."

N.—Stop, that's enough. Cease

desist, quit, I'll hear no more.

Leonard—(Entering from bathroom.) What's this, arguing about tonic? Let me tell you, Herpicide does the work. "Going, Going, Gone, —if you don't use it." Look at me, a shining example. Mine started to go, I used nothing; it continued to go, I still used nothin; it was gone, then I used Herpicide. And what happened? What do you think happened?

N.—Nothing as far as I can see.

L.L.—But why? That is the question. Simple answer to it. Too late, too late. Therefore use Herpicide now!

D.—But me Lord the Herpicide is gone and we have none of Ed. Pinauds best. (Sets bottle of

Glovers down on tray next to bottle of catsup.)

N.—And I have a date with Annie Rooney at ten o'clock. What shall I do. (Wrings hands.)

L.L.—You must use the Glover's, tho of course Herpi—

D.—Remember Mr. Nick it says "Dandruff dances daintily—"

N.—Stop Domino. I'll use it under protest. Remember under protest. Absolutely Ed. Pinaud's is the best, but I'll use this Glover's under protest. How will it make my hair look Domino?

D.—Pretty fuzzy Mr. Nick. (Picks up bottle of catsup by mistake and hands it to Nick who shuts his eyes to cut off the view of using the traitorous Glover treatment.)

L.L.—Serve all the boys ham-

sandwiches Domino. Make no exceptions, serve them each and everyone.

(Domino leaves room.)

N.—(With eyes closed he lifts the bottle and tips it above his head as if expecting to see anything, when once he opens his eyes. Pours and then once more opens his eyes.) Well I'll be damned. RED HAIR! Hurrah! Annie loves the red-haired Irish.

D.—(In the other room.) Me Lord serves ham-sandwiches for all the boys!

—The End of the Road—

H. G. P.

— DU —

SANTA CLAUS BETRAYED

The tragedy of the modern home

Oh, hearken, my friends, to my tale! Give ear!
'Tis a sad strange story you're going to hear,
And if, when I've finished, your eyes are wet,
And your throat is lumpy—why don't forget
This tale has a moral. I hope that it may
Be fixed in your mind to your dying day!

Our story begins on a Christmas Eve,
And our hero is nineteen-year-old Steve.
He kissed his parents and said his prayers,
Shouted, "Good-night!" and trudged upstairs.
He locked his windows and crawled into bed,
Hanging his socks just over his head—
His first long breath made him dizzy and sick
And he fell into a stupor.
'Twas dawn, and quick

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 19)

"Charity," painted by Hubert Dailard, and now in the possession of Mr. Hilton Lewes, has been donated by its owner to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the time of its purchase the artist was a pneumonia patient in the free ward at Bellevue as a result of overwork and exposure. Thanks to Mr. Lewes' discovery he is now recognized as one of America's leading younger artists.

"Should have put him in the insane ward instead," growled Tell. "Another slight mistake in diagnosis!"

He stood awhile longer staring at the picture, a smile of utter contempt on his face.

"Putty—absolute putty! Nothing but a pot-boiler and underdone at that. Bah! Real art will never get anywhere until these driveling sentimentalists die off,—or see to it that their proteges are put in the right ward and kept there."

And the bells of St. Andrews chimed twelve.

E. B. T.

Out from his socks he drew watch and chain,
A lollypop and a chu-chu-train.
He chortled with glee at the things he found,
Then his face grew stern. The young man frowned
At the problem that puzzled him every year—

"How could Santa Claus get in here?
I locked the windows—the doors below.

How—Oh, it's no use! But, I don't see
How all the kids have found out but me."

He skipped downstairs with candy and toys

To the happy group of girls and boys

Gathered outside of the parlor door.

Then suddenly Santa's hearty roar,

And ten jolly children rushed inside.

Steve's great dark eyes had opened wide

As they always did at the curious sight

Of Santa—bedecked in red and white

And whiskers. Nineteen-year-old Steve

Was the oldest child, and he didn't believe

That there really was a Santa Claus,

But he just couldn't guess who Santa was.

The others had found out long ago

The name of the fellow who said, "You know

I come from the land where snowballs grow!

Hello there, Steve! Say, here's a new cap!"

And Steve climbed up in his mother's lap,

His quivering lips puckered into a pout

As he sobbed, "I—just-can't-figure-it-out!"

Great tears rolled down the young man's cheeks,

Leaving behind them clean, white streaks.

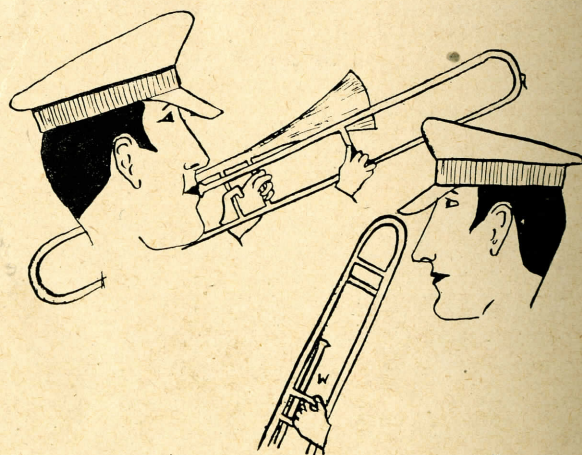
The children snickered to see poor Steve—

His mustache drip—his shoulders heave.

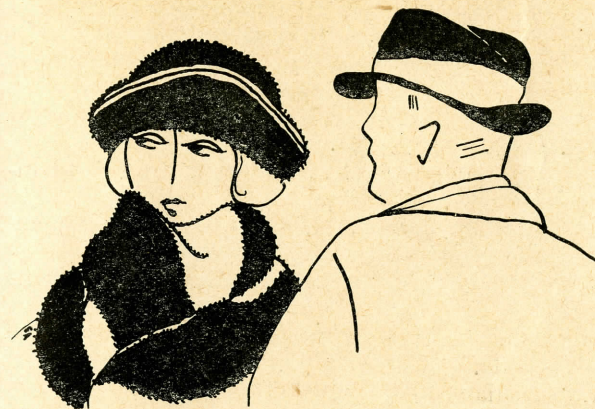
And meanwhile Santa was at the tree,

Shaking the tinsel bows to see
If all the Christmas gifts were found.

They weren't! And Stevie's sobs were drowned



Slip-horn—"What do we play next?"
Trombone—"Old Varsity."
Slip-horn—"Gosh! I just played that."



He—"Poverty is no disgrace."
She—"No, but that's all that can be said for it."



Beauty—"Have you read 'To a Field-mouse?'"
The Beast—"How do you get them to listen?"

When CRASH! The new Victrola fell

From an upper branch to his head. "OH, —H—LL!

Wifey, Tell me where I am!

Coo-koo! Tweet! Tweet! Blank!

Blank! D—N!

!—?***—ZQXL, LV!!!——

??* !!!!!

Steve jumped up with a joyful cry,

With a swipe of his sleeve his eyes were dry,

His face was bright and his smile was glad

And he shouted, "Now I know! It's DAD!!"

(Moral: Is it right to deceive the children?)

G. W.

— DU —

Award the Damages

A laborer sued his employer for injuries occurred in the performance of his duties. The employer objected, saying that the man was a ditch digger and had been injured through his own clumsiness. The location of the injury was his head.

"You hit yourself in the head with your pick?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," replied the laborer.

"Then how do you consider your employer responsible?"

"The whistle blew when I had the pick raised above my head."

— DU —

"Mother, must I wash my face?"

"Why certainly."

"Aw, why can't I just powder it like you do yours?"

News Item

COLLEGE BOYS SAVE SELVES FROM FREEZING IN UNIQUE MANNER

Kukuklok, Alaska, Dec. 18th—(Associated Press wire) The presence of mind of two young men, Mr. A. Fule, and Mr. U. Nuther, saved them from freezing to death in a blizzard here recently.

While still some distance from this city, they were becoming stiff and numb with cold,—and death was imminent, when one of them, a college graduate, hit upon an idea.

Ripping a plank from the sled, he instructed his companion to bend over, and applied the board vigorously. Soon his friend began to feel warm, and the circulation was restored.

Alternating with each other in application and reception, they went on through the storm to the city. The young men, in spite of the intense cold, were sweating freely when interviewed by the Associated Press reporter.

When the reporter, a little in doubt as to the identity of the two men, turned to Mr. Nuther and inquired: "You're Adam Fule?" the quick reply was,— "Ura Nuther!"

Mr. Fule said, "I owe my life to my college training."

The reporter left them smoking their pipes. The board, leaning against the wall, was also smoking.

— DU —

He—"I would die for you."
She—"Go ahead."

BONES

(Both fresh and dry.)

1. Looking in the gas tank with a match.
2. Eating welsh rarebits.
3. Onion sandwich before a date.
4. Asking a member of the girls' Student Council for a scheming date.
5. Getting it.
6. Renting a dress suit by telephone.
7. Lending money to the brothers.
8. Going to chapel when there are no tickets.
9. Studying psych.
10. Signing up for gym.
11. Not signing up for gym.
12. Living next to a fraternity house.
13. Petting some co-eds.
14. Not petting other co-eds.

— DU —

The Shap, God Bless 'er

Here's to the chaperones!
May they learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

— DU —

"He's like a kerosene lamp."
"Yeh?"

"Not very bright, often turned down, usually smokes, and goes out frequently at nights—to say nothing of getting lit up."

— DU —

*I love the merry Yule-tide,
When everybody's gay,
A-buying Christmas presents,
And sending them away.*

G. W.

*I like to be remembered,
Of course—you get my drift—
But I wish they wouldn't all hit on
The same "original gift"!*



"You look sweet enough to eat!"
"I do eat. Where do we go?"

Oh, Shoot!

"Understand the girls are taking up International Law."

"Huh?"

"Yeh. Rifle practice."

— DU —

"The flowers that bloom in the spring—"

What they mean, I cannot guess.

The only posies in our spring

Are bugs and water-cress.

— DU —

Woman at the Door—"You say you're an educated man?"

Wearily Willie—"Yes, mum. I'm a roads scholar."

— DU —

BUT

A lad a-fishin'
In the brook;
The day is spent,
And so is he.
The bait is gone,
Ditto, the hook.
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

September's nigh,
The schoolma'am's nigher;
The chill'un's happy,
So is she.

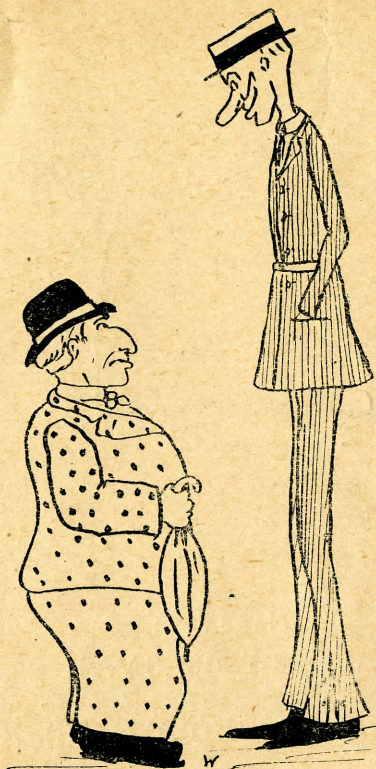
But
With dividend
And multiplier,
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

Away from home,
Away from pa,
An education,
Son is free!
But
Such rules and bills
He never saw;
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

It doesn't depend,
They all deny,
Upon the time
Or energy,
But
Sometimes a guy
Can NOT get by.
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

She smiled,
He smiled;
(Fate smiled, too.)
Magnetism,
Ecstasy!

But
He found another,
Who was true;
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.



Truthik: "How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine law?"

Anthin: "How?"

Truthik: "Jonah was a stranger and he took him in."

How proud he is!
Commencement day!
The world subdued
He now can see.

But
With tribute folks
Forget to pay,
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

Lives are happy,
Lives are sad.
Lives are good,
Lives are bad,
But
With all this livin',
'Tween you an' me,
Life ain't what it's
Cracked up to be.

E. J. H.

J. Gustavus Roscoe Puck
Thinks this a very hard world to
buck;
Just south of town,
He was run down,
As he picked up a horseshoe for
luck.

— DU —

"She has everything she needs to make her happy."
"Silly! It's the things she doesn't need that a woman has to have to make her happy."

Maybe

A frosh in English was reading.
"Upon the horizon," he stammered, "appeared a beautiful—er—ah—"

"Barque," prompted the prof.

"Huh?"

"Barque!"

"Bow-wow!"

— DU —

I've got a Latin pony,
And—listen to me, my brother!—
It has cut my work in half,
So I'm going to get another.

— DU —

Judge—"I understand you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner—"I had some, but I didn't get to use them."

— DU —

A typist, I, and I like my boss,
But I've got just this to say;
The conceited thing insists that
words
Should be spelled only his way.

— DU —

"The boss offered me an interest in the business today."

"The dickens he did!"

"Yes, and he said if I didn't take it pretty soon, he'd fire me."

— DU —

French Without a Struggle
Love makes full many a man do
brave

And noble things, tres utile.
When I'm in love, alas, it seems
Only to make me futile.

Aussi.

— DU —

No Place for a Union Man

Sam and Rastus had been the closest of friends on earth, but when they died, they went to opposite places. So one day, Sam called up Rastus and asked him how he liked it down there.

"Like it fine!" said Rastus; "All Ah has to do is wear a red suit with horns on it, shobel a little coal for about an hour with de rest of de gang, and 'den jest set aroun'. Oh, it's an easy life! Whut has you-all got ter do?"

"We's jest worked ter death," replied Sam; "Get up at fo' in de mawnin' an' bring in de stahs, an' den one gang hauls de sun aroun' all day whiles de rest ob us exercises de clouds, an' when night comes we got ter hang out all de stahs again an' den we spends de night ridin' herd on de comets. We don' get no rest at all."

"How come youall wuhk so hahd? Ah tho't youall must hab it pretty easy."

"Well," said Sam, "ter tell yuh de truth, Rastus, we's awful short o' help up here."

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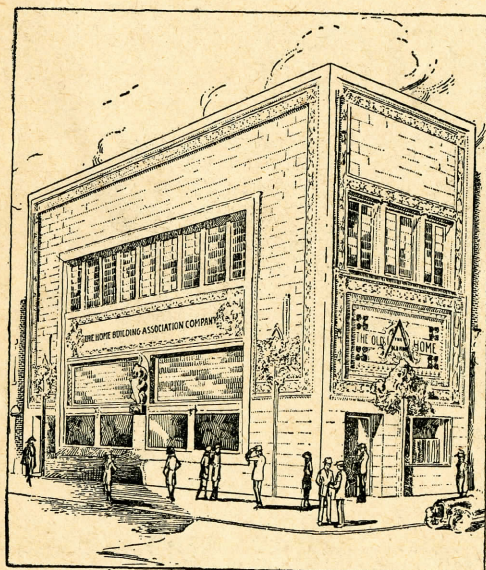
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—Brown Bull.

—DU—

Question—What color is best for a bride?

Answer—Matter of taste. Better get a white one.

—Voo Doo.

—DU—

On a Cook's Tour we went to Hamburg, Bologne, Sardinia, Chile, Sandwich Islands, Bermuda and Swiss Mountains and by the time we reached Russia we were extremely hungry, Soviet.

—Dirge.

—DU—

To tell whether or not a man is married, notice whether he carries a baby like a lighted lamp or an overcoat.

—DU—

Prof—"How many kinds of poetry are there?"

His Victim—"Three."

Prof—"Name them."

H. V.—"Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."

—Bison.

—DU—

Kidney: "Let's eat here."

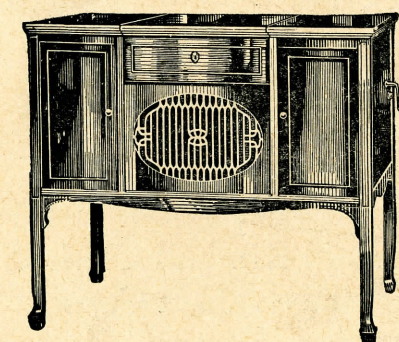
Stew: "No, let's eat up the street."

Kidney: "No, I don't think I could digest asphalt."

—Log.

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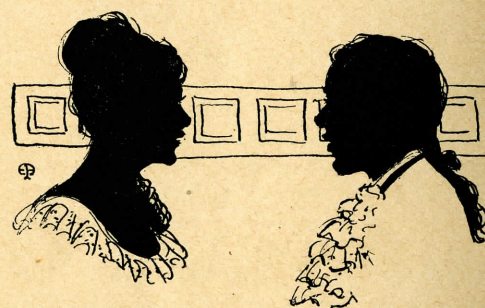
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She: Are most football players fraternity men?
He: Yes, they are nearly all Phi Taus.

—Witt.

— DU —

Freshman—What is love's labor lost?
Senior—A bunch of soaks pulling off a serenade
outside a deaf and dumb seminary.

—Chaparral.

— DU —

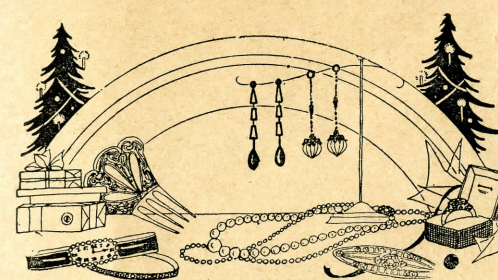
Ruff—My feet's wet.
Tuff—Do they?
Ruff—Naw—they is.

—Chaparral.

— DU —

Suggestion for popular song: She may be my
Venus de Milo, but she's anything but 'armless.

—Tiger.



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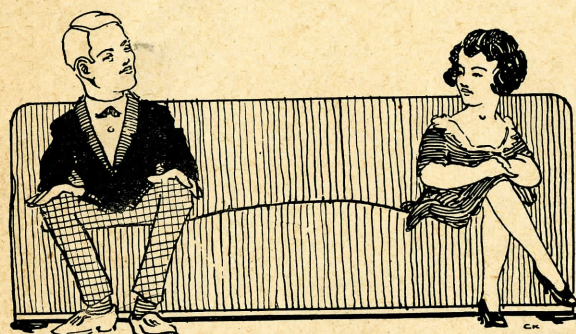
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Bert—How much do you weigh?
Betty—120.
Bert—With or without your complexion?
—Octopus.

"Youth will be served," said the cannibals as they speared the young missionary."

—Ranger.

— D U —

Athletic—I have a chance for the track team.
Pathetic—Are they going to raffle it off?

—Lemon Punch.

— D U —

"And do you know, he tried to hold my hand the first time I met him."

"Well . . ."

"No, only fair."

—Siren.

— D U —

She: "Kissing affects the brain."

He: "You're crazy."

—Virginia Reel.

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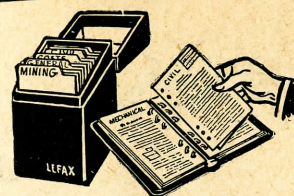
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neglected to say that a hundred per cent of the girls
who marry are working men.

— DU — —Lemon Punch.

He—"I wish we had never met. Before we were
married I had a nice balance in the bank, and
now—"

She—"But, darling, don't you understand that
love makes the world go around?"

He—"Yes, but I didn't think it would go so fast
as to make me lost my balance."

—Witt.

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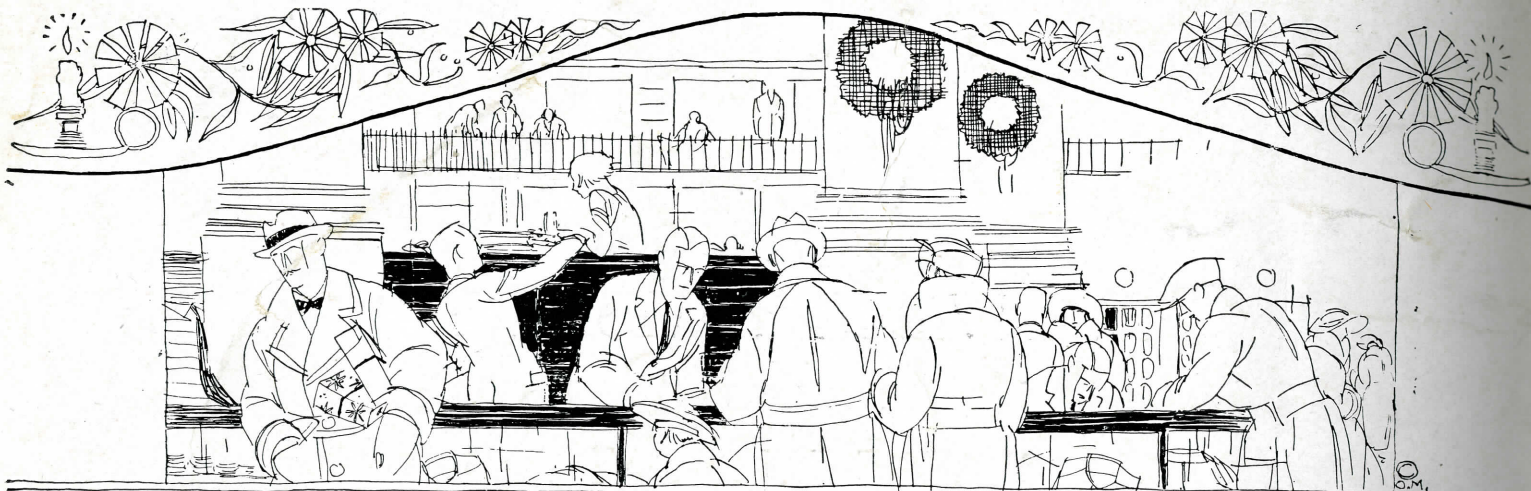
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